

Jem

A TREASURE CRIST OF NAKE SPICE

AUG-1984



MEN

THIS IS THE VOICE OF FREEDOM!

... Freedom from the domination of women! For generations we American males have been bullied, browbeaten and neglected by the female sex . . . they have banded together to rob us of our independence, dominating qualities, masculinity and virility! WE ARE VIRTUAL SLAVES

. . . and we must not allow it!
IT'S TIME TO FIGHT BACK—

(Continued on Page 6)

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 LEAVE' EM!**

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from
the
**Master's
Desk**

Editorial



— and the editors of JEM herewith send a rallying call for the oppressed men of the nation. In these pages you will find advice and instructions on how to fight the battle! Yes, really to us, fellow sufferers, and together we will win the **FOUR FREEDOMS FOR MEN**:

1. FREEDOM TO WANT . . . AND GET!

2. FREEDOM OF SPEECH . . .

To say what we think, and mean what we say, etc.: "Shut your libelous mouth before I drop you right in the middle of the supermarket!" Or, "No, we're not going to watch the Lute, lets there—we're going to have anal first, get my bath ready!"

3. FREEDOM OF WORSHIP . . .

Whether it's Morphy, Gino, Bridgite, Sophie or any other Goddess of Sex.

Freedom from JEAL — the fear that we'll be deprived of the good things in life that should be free, unless we give up our lives, psychobias, individuality — in fact, **OURSELVES**. The battle is joined, men, and we have a real fight on our hands! Because if you think that the assorted wives, mistresses, mates, fiances, sweethearts and girl friends are going to give us these vital freedoms without a struggle — I can only say that ignorance is bliss. Wouldn't blind And serve you right, too!

No, this is going to be a matter of give and take! Either they give or we take. With the kind of editorial guts that harkens back to the era of Hoover, MacFadden and Gandy, JEM herewith throws down the gauntlet to the Women of the World!

You damn the world around — you pointed, teated, finished, varnished, heat-treated, deep-seated, pretty, glibly, half-witty, naughty, naughty, lustful, unattractal, romantic, erotic and despotic dames! — listen: we're fighting back! After a half century of accidents, we are getting a new grip on our destiny. From now on we men are going to sit high in the saddle, apply the spurs deep and, when necessary, use the whip! All right, now — back to your housework!

There it is, fellows, a sample of what can be done. If you simply follow our lead — and read our special advice and instructions each month — then you will help us speed the dawn of a New Day for the American Male. Remember — you have nothing to lose but your balls and chains!

The Editors

FOR OUR LETTERS COLUMN:

If you like the new JEM, write us and tell us about it — what you like best, and why. We may publish your immortal words . . . If you don't like it, write anyway — and we'll probably throw your letter away, unless it's damned clever! Address: JEM, 831 Palmdale Ave., Union City, N. J.

DIAMOND DUST

*When bigger and better diamonds are made,
the English will make them. . . . Well, not all
of them, but the sprightl'est diamonds
is well cut is best is best*



IF you have been a faithful reader of JEM, you will recall (with some stirrings, perhaps) a bit of crystal gazing last year by Vance Kenner entitled, provocatively, "After Fennos, what?"

In a *Flying Tumbler*, Vance Kenner foresees the evolution of man's interest in eventually sliding from the rounded Corp to the ellipse. You should live as long as to see girls wearing their sex appeal on their elbows, as to speak, but apparently the far-fetched idea has stirred fresh hope in the stars — no, that's the wrong word, make it something lower — of the watchtower

section.

The spokesman for this obscure minority seems to be a gentleman who identifies himself as head of the National Association of Heavy Musclesmen. In phrases which remind Jess Hardy of the women who proclaimed, "I'm a big man, myself," he attempts to strike a (poison) blow with too prophesy that the future is, indeed, on the men. He means that the male gaze is returning to the legs, starting with the crotch and working up.

Then an disclaimer (he claims) that the currently (Continued on page 57)



Put her to work and she'll love to do it.

and you.

Like Ann Peters—

a dish drying a dish.

FROM SINK

TO BED—

*(and Back
Again—)*

Make her
keep it clean
while you're
gone . . .



and have something
nice and hot waiting
for you when you
get back.





It's okay if she just chooses a home to snuggle poor dog.





If she's done a good day's work



she'll be pleasantly relaxed comes night-time.

A TEEN-AGE GIRL DOESN'T
HAVE TO KNOW SCIENCE
IF SHE KNOWS ABOUT ...

Steady Dating— Woman's Ultimate Weapon!

IF the never-ending struggle for dominance between the sexes, the female gender have developed the Ultimate Weapon — a weapon as devastating as Chastity Belts or the chastity belt. What is it?

Steady dating, or 'going steady', as the teenagers call it.

Don't be deceived! — Steady Dating is to the cold (and hot) war between men and women what the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile is to the struggle between nations.

Always around all the times, the women have loaded their perfumed armaments (personal KOD) with an atomic warhead — SEX. It is the explosive power of sex that makes the current advance in female armament as devastating (and it may even the tide of battle in favor of our darlings girlfriend) as hot steady dating is Strike Two against our poor downgraded males — Strike One having been followed in



BY MICHAEL KNIGHT



that awful day in 1928 when we gave women the Vote. For the benefit of those lucky few too old or too young to have been subjected to its horrors — going steady is an arrangement or monopoly imposed by the female so that she may achieve complete physical, mental and emotional mastery of a given (or taken!) young man. Under the going steady regime, the young man is forced to sublimate (give up) his normal urge to pursue as many females as possible, and instead devote himself exclusively to one girl — his steady date. This, more or less, is the theory — it's downright *disastrous*! It's very similar to the brutal methods of A. Hitler and J. Stalin — who indoctrinated the youth of their countries with the so-called "love-life" of living like a slave. And make no mistake about it — it is *clear* that these women have no mind when they reflect upon their debauched dating arrangements! Steady Dating has a lot in common with the Hitler Youth and Young Communist movements, and the eventual results can be the same — a generation of mindless, glibly submissive slaves to their every move by the voice of the Master (or, in this case, mistress). How does a girl exert her diabolical influence over an unsuspecting youth, forcing him to her will — and her way? Quite simply, through

Steady Dating . . . Womens Ultimate Weapon

But? We ain'ta' drunk from that last one longer, now that Kasey has died of the flu.

In a less sophisticated — and healthy — era — passed in our history, "going steady" was a respected and honorable sentiment. But — it was a different thing from the lightning-terrace we see today! In those days — around the turn of the century — when a gal and guy went steady it meant they were practically engaged, and the chances were good that they'd be married in a way less than a year. Not only that, the guy was an age where he had of steady had time to make the delight of the flesh, and to know his own mind.

But steadily, nowadays, the age of "steady" as they call it has gone down and down until nowadays it is quite common (and I do mean common) to see 16-year-olds pairing off and "going steady". Just how far they go is no longer a matter. They go. I'm afraid, all the way. (And if you don't know what I mean, by that, then you have no business reading this stage treat.)

Every boy — well, almost every boy — knows he can get a date any time he wants one. "Will you go to the dance with me?" or all he has to say is get a girl. But the girl wants the full, rich reward, like headed to him with no strings attached. Why should she run the risk of being a wellfettered or of not going to the dance at all, when with a little strategy she can have a steady to lean her around at every function.

She plays on his imagination, she exaggerates on day dreaming. Maybe, had the time, his parents have been divorced and he doesn't really know what happy family life is like. Or she reproaches it for him. She makes him feel safe, agreeing at not more or less the whole way so he can enjoy the fantasy without any of the expense,

blatancy of a husband. She makes him feel that this money — however far it extends — is a paradise. And the poor kid — how can he think straight with silly fancies running through his head and chaotic hole filling dreamily over every eye.

Does he stop to realize that now it has time for playing the field? That this is his chance for looking up his looks? Does he say to himself, look, if you don't see your solid wife now, the chance you're going to want to do it later — and it may end in a hellish row? Or is he clear-headed enough to see that if at present he refuses to the demands of some hole punk, still he may be in that groove all his life? Or cannot he — he's not so perverted enough to recognize danger when it wears lovely robes.

And why does this dump behind the ever Chiquita do what she does? She's protecting herself. She's collecting security — moral security. She wants the signet ring of the male — HER male — as a symbol of having wanted. She doesn't want the heart ache of ever being left out of anything. She wants to come to midnight fully equipped with the male-female back ground and experience. Two things she dreams like the plague — security



and sophistication.

In a way, desperation has caught hold of her — she has seen too many single women who are terribly lonely. And she will go to any measure to provide herself with a mate from the minute she first feels the stirrings of love until she can't live to help her into her wheel chair. She will even get her old program before her had a chance to make enough money to go after the hard-to-get gals — those carrying a husband for herself.

But more boys, please, before — you know what it is? It's slavery, it's coercion, it's sneering and the reaction of self respect. If she gets you — and gets you easy at sixteen or eighteen or twenty — the money will have no place. In a few years the shell will have hardened and she'll go on to something more challenging. You'll get it in the neck — dominating you is too simple — next, want someone stronger to conquer.

What was that out of thing lead to?

A lot of fun, it can, also lead to purely delinquency, heavy drinking and real tragedy.

What's to be done? Women, my friend! Not worry, not the teachers and the authorities, not Miss Penderly — but action. And the situation is getting worse. By the time the average young man is released on and ready for marriage — at the age of 21 or 22 instead of a proper 27 — he is under complete and utter female domination, and his love more dead. I've hardly had longer a letter from the daughters of my mother, than some step of a slow-lipped midget got her half developed clutches on him and would have his submission for the duration of his adolescence?

There are several reasons why the above situation exists in addition to those given. In the pioneer days, the

example, there were more men than women — so a match means half a half day. And they were played the full? With a chance of any number of available men, these rugged, rugged and rugged females refused to date slowly when young — preferring to be married for half their time and then have their young partners for the other half (this expectancy was only about forty or there days)...

Now however, the tables are turned. There are more women than men — about a million and a half more in this country alone. This alone their psychology is the extent that now they want to start dating early, often and steady — and they want to start it in their early teens. Under this aged system a young fellow hardly has time to learn the difference between boys and girls before he's raped, seduced, harassed and led around with a rope through his nose — an engagement rope. Yes, to make sure they're not left waiting at the wedding post, the girls back into some poor dick as soon as he shows plenty. And they stay married until they're married! Unless, of course, the guy manages to see half the bride he was born with — and then a fat lady is more or less bound that wife phrase, "young steady."

All of which runs up the moral — and the immoral — of this little tale by J. Robert Winton says as Louis Napoleon: "Almost no one is willing now to kill a bull and make a sword" against the Superstitions of women.

Then bigger and better facts are made — no one will make them — and then so on to the next!

In spread the word! — to all the unattached males in the country. In distribute them from the age of four. When they hear the words, **GOING STEADY** tell them to run like niggers, play the big game of Pin, save the life compressed here, dance along the highway of it like demons and keep their masculinity and individuality away from the girl that starts these kind of things. Pin a box on her arm,



"Don't get the wrong idea, Readers — these matches represent the number of days we've been here!"



When we introduced them to the wilderness
the heart of the African jungle we had no idea
what theme song would become the

BAGANDA BLUES

BY HAL HENNESTY



If you should ever manage to reach Uganda, then make it from Parachino on earth, and if you should head west along the road that leads from Kampala the capital, you will eventually get to Mbalende. Now — if you should take the dirt track north out of Mbalende and drive up into the Muanu valley for half a day, you'll reach a Baganda village that will bear a close resemblance to the Garden of Eden. Here's what you discover you get there:

Turn back!

Even though the place swarms with lovely teen-age girls, all of them clad only in their shiny agberrais — don't be a fool! Yes, even though the Chief, old Nkaga himself, offers you your choice of these luscious women — no strings attached — mind you — for as long as you like — get out before dark! Especially if you recall a shred of what we in Africa laughingly call civility.

BAGANDA BLUES

There's why!

I was alone when I left Malindi in the venerable Jeep that had carried me all the way from Nairobi. Now I was halfway through a field report that, when finished, would get me my doctorate, an ethnologist. I was making a systematic survey of the Nkole Bhamu and Bhamu tribes of East Africa and why they should have stayed where they were. I was there because my friends and confidants were convinced I was crazy. It has taken some time to convince me of the truth.

They were right.

But there I was, humming along the rutted dirt track that follows the winding Muru River and wondering what new adventures were about to befall. I didn't have long to wonder. As I whizzed around an acute bend that hid the track ahead, I suddenly slammed into a great African bullock. They were still trying along the road, carrying loads of water on their shaven black heads. It was a startling sight.

The women were like men. I had seen in Africa. In these areas, obviously, they were of medium height and shaped like our Spanish Maestros. They wore white cotton upturned trousers and headscarves that jiggled like a Paper Cup warning up for takeoff. Both of these impressions were an delightful evidence due to a complete lack of clothing on the unsanitized face. From the description I had learned by heart, I knew them to be Baganda peasants. I had arrived in Paradise.

With many a giggle and yodel they led me to their village, which was a short distance ahead. I could see from the overgrown path that no vehicle had passed that way in years, if ever. I felt that I was breaking on virgin ground, a post-Typhoon experience.

The population — about 200 persons — were quite happy to see me, more so if I then knew the rudiments of

English. We got along fine. I already knew plenty about the Baganda, one of Africa's most advanced and intelligent tribes. For example, that they have — according to one standard — a very loose code of morals. As I was seeing now they were late or no showing, in the main private areas of Baganda, their kingdom lying on the shores of Lake Victoria. Other signs about their amoral code are below marriage — and plenty of it — and the happy custom of having numerous bed warmers go about naked in their households. Like me.

After a dinner consisting of a protein-loaded bowl of elephant's foot — although Chief Mingo claimed it was a cheese steak from an angel — I sat talking with her my shoes and listening to the sounds from the surrounding forests. At dusk the chief approached me and indicated the largest compound in the village. "That," he said, "is your sleeping place. Go now — girls be doing now." Nothing, he continued.

The first half of this little monologue I understood. And it did not occur what I thought it meant — I did not feel such a much dignity as possible in the situation but that was to be expected. It was empty except for a kind of nervous smile of quaking and holes. A large open lamp smoked in the middle of the room, casting a pale but adequate light over all. I have known places to smell somewhat better — such

as the Chicago stockyards — but I was used to Africa by now, including its amoral habits, animals and its habitats. I settled out comfortably on the bed.

They came at last long afterward, the three of them. And they looked even better in that dim light than they had on the road.

It turned out when the time came to choose a nocturnal companion for me, these three were the losers in a dead heat. A live one, rather, as time passed.

By much time, at that. Baffled at last, my three little sleepers — their eyes must have swayed about heaven — soon returned all dreams as they opened me another one. Without too many objections from me, they were laid my clothes in a neat pile. And then we all followed suit.

As you must know, it is the custom of most African tribes to practice female, or clitoral, intercourse. This means that the girls won't enjoy themselves while making love and then won't go being unfaithful to an male quite so much. The particular village, however, had somehow become enlightened. My companions were not only whole they made the most of it.

As for me, it is because of later events necessary to include in a bit of mild bawling. As an ethnologist I got around I have done extensive studies, at first hand, at the Eskimos in northern Canada. These people also have unique differences in their sexual customs and morality. I learned a great deal of interesting, if unprintable, nature while among them. Also, I spent considerable time in Central Asia with various Oriental tribesmen. They too practice weird sexual rites that would shock most Westerners. I've shared the one version of sex in pretty nearly every corner of the most hairy portions of the earth.



Well, to make a reasonably long — all right long — story short, I taught these three willing students the latter portions of my international experience. There may seem like an awfully number, but out of you've lived among the Indians, where it takes a lot to keep warm. You, my three little maids in school took to my teachings like diving ducks. Even to the Nipponese whop, a flowering variation of that childhood game, duck on the rock. And when they became a little wiser to their experience, I put them across my knees

and pulled them hardy. They loved it — proving that Renee O'Grady and a Pagoda lady like blouses under the skin.

Once or twice during the morning hours I thought I heard a noise — like a leopard's cough — just outside the walls of the postcard but I wasn't sure, and this I care much either. The girls insisted on keeping that keep filled with oil, although I couldn't see the reason, for all that light. On the other hand I could see nothing against it, for the girls' feet



you don't want for the night time, not for six months of daylight! In fact the Indians have a saying, "No who want make live in the dark is made of yellow at both ends."

The night was finished at last — and so, for all practical purposes, was it. But I made a stomach journey by about nine and went out for breakfast. My little do do maid had long gone. The men and the African countrywide greeted me warmly and I felt like a warmest three-day pass. Here, I noticed, I would make the most extensive study of the Pagoda tribe ever attempted. It would take months, of

course, to make all of the remarkable customs of this most attractive people.

It would, of course, be foolish to work during the night hours, when at this risk.

In that moment I happened to pass a large hut similar to my own. Below it, sitting on the ground with his legs extended, was a white man. I halted in mid-circle and stared at him. He was the chairman — in fact, most interested — in divided I had seen men. At the moment he was engaged in eating breakfast, a breakfast. (Continued on page 52)



Isn't this the kind of **CRAZY MIXED-UP KID**
you'd like on your couch
if you were a psychiatrist?

If she were
climbing the wall
you'd know how
to help her
solve her problem.



Maybe she just
dreamed she
was caught in
this web.





"And there I was on the
balcony," she said,
"in my maiden form."

Even if she has
got two hands
they're both
beautiful.





In the Dark Ages, men wore his masculinity like a coat of mail. At night he was a threat to beat her into submission — so he scared her — of his own gamut!



You can win 'em and lose 'em
or prosper and get 'em,
but the chances are you'll get
nowhere unless you

SLUG 'EM *and* LEAVE 'EM

BY HENRY MAYER

WOMEN love to be pulled around. Not only that, they love the men who pull them around! It has been that way since the beginning, yet only for a short time during this century have we been lived up to what was expected of us. This happy period lasted from the mid 1850's to the beginning of World War II, and it was a time that brought a cheer.

Nothing quite like it had ever been seen on the screen. The tough-looking little man, in the center of a merry argument, suddenly grabbed his lady-fair grapefruit from the plate before him. Leaning across the table, he showed the pretty lady first the worried face of his lovely companion.

As the grapefruit juice cascaded down her pretty nose, Mrs. Gladie wrung her hands in amazement and horror. Millions of movie-goers wrung their hands in amazement and delight.

That Jimmy Cagney became a national hero in a presentation of frustrated, brown-knuckled, hair-brained and embittered American men. In one clip-

neted scene, this eternally virile actor had wiped away a million indignities from the usual men-chosen of a description genre. More important, he had proved what psychologists had known for years—that women like their being the hard way. Like we said, they love to be pulled around.

No wonder was the American male contented of this that there was suggested a new era in the history of manhood — and provoked — rebellion. What is so novel of how many grapefruit found their way into the hands of the women of America. The other males, during the late thirties, had a run that threatened to upset the economy of Florida and California. The psychologists were gratified that their advice had finally been taken, but were at a loss as to just how it had happened, few of them being movie-goers.

This all took place between the years 1935 and 1942 — and it was a very healthy period for the country, as men regained the greater space and masculine aggressiveness. (Continued on page 100)





LITTLE MISS RED WOLF-BAIT

LITTLE RED WOLF LIPS

GOING TO GRANDMA'S

NO CLOWNS, NO BAGS! (NO WOLF!)



LET'S SEE . . . WHAT GOODIES

SHOULD I TAKE ALONG—?

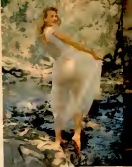


ANYWAY, I DON'T NEED A BAGS! TO CARRY THEM IN!

HAM — BETTER WATCH OUT
FOR WOLVES, SKEE WAAH SAID —

GOODNESS — THERE'S
ONE MOM! OH, GOODBY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, WOMBE —
HAD TO GET YOUR FEET WET?





ALL RIGHT,
IF YOU WON'T COME IN . . .

. . . LET'S REST
ON THIS NICE DAY ROCK

HAPPY YOU'RE A WOLF —

YOU'RE A LAMB!

I'M GOING ON TO GRANDMA'S,

AFTER ALL!





AESOP'S FIBBLES

THE OLD MAN DEVOTED A LIFETIME TO MAKING HIS SON
A PARAGON AND HE FIGURED OUT EVERYTHING IN ADVANCE
— EXCEPT WHAT TO DO WHEN SEX BEARED ITS
LOVELY HEAD BETWEEN

THE PERFECT BOY *and the* IMPERFECT GIRL

WANT TO RULE THE WORLD? IT'S SIMPLE
YOU MERELY...

1. Get Yourself a son — a physically perfect genius.
2. Teach Him to Hate Women.
3. ...AND NOW TURN THE PAGE For the Terrible
Result!



She was just Tarabonians, just Yago and probably had Auro ancestry. She was dirty, clumsy and disheveled. Probably no more beautiful-looking Tarabonians Yago Auro ever raised, but she was a woman, which impressed Yaro.

"Is it a woman?" he asked his father after the man had explained the strange creature. "Why she looks more like a pig!"

"All women are," said his father, whose women to Yaro's mother had been married into full-fledged marriage by the years of his self-imposed exile "even when they don't look like pigs!"

Safe down was nowhere for Xochitl to go, a rule but like a lightning bolt fixed up her hair and she slipped on a jacket of some sort at that time. Of course Yaro, guided by his father, ignored the dirty creature for the most part,

except for the few hours he spent with her learning the Indian dialect she spoke (as part of his development he had acquired a great facility with languages and picked it up as almost as soon).

Within a matter of weeks, Xochitl had become a fixture in the morning tea, a fixture no more important than the silver and white house Yaro and his father had built for themselves. There he had mastered her language and she sensed that she had absolutely nothing to talk about Yaro.

completely lost interest in the creature. That is until the day when his father was out hunting, Yaro happened to catch a glimpse of her when she had removed all her clothes to stretch. Alas, for her the body has that interest her father, Xochitl was as regular as water in Yaro, for there were things about her that fascinated him. This fascination led to exploration and exploration led to discovery and almost as quickly as it can be told Yaro and Xochitl were as intimate as boy and girl can be. To his constant Yaro discovered that he liked what he had discovered. Xochitl didn't seem to be affected one way or another.

Thirteen days between Yaro and Xochitl between respect. The old man was absorbed in arrangements to

arranging to take his son into civilization, so perhaps he was more relaxed in his opinion than he would otherwise have been. Had the father been less preoccupied he might have noticed that Yaro was becoming more and more interested in Xochitl, the creature he had said looked like a pig, as fact was at times even deliberated to eat her.

The father was so wrapped up in his grandson whom he had taken from his property Yaro seemed to be in a blinded new stage, a condition induced by the thinking of marriage, which grew in profusion in the vicinity of the mountain lake. It was Xochitl, of course, who reminded Yaro in the end.

Xochitl was more careful about doing out the person before which she remained her child in order. The person before which she grew on a form of water to the night before the mountain lake, once a powerful thing and

Xochitl let Yaro show them only when his father was away hunting or otherwise too occupied to notice her son's condition.

By the time the old man had completed his plans for taking his son back into civilization to save the world, Yaro was completely under the spell of Xochitl. In our nation we might almost have said he was hypnotized. Xochitl, a mere girl beneath her quality as woman, had been since rescued out of Yaro what his father's plans were and she knew that

most Yaro was out of the mountains where female creatures were more beautiful, even more vicious than would be so close of her realizing her hold on him. Some night while the old man was asleep, she and Yaro eloped. Xochitl led them to a remote Yago settlement where Yaro promptly took his place among her Indian men.

Of course the old man was frantic and started to search for them at once. After several months of searching the time for rules around his family found them. By then Yaro was not only completely under the domination of Xochitl, but addicted to marijuana and passive and quiet, a nervous, creaky alcoholic drink.

The old man pleaded and (Continued on page 62)



'DO WE HAVE A BROTHER BATHING YET, DEAR?'



Give her the
**CAVE MAN'S
CALL** - she'll
come crawling . . .

She has to
know that man
is her master -

that she has
him and not
the tree for a
pillar of strength
to lean on.





Climbing up in the crotch of a tree is
good healthful exercise
for a cave man's girl - but
get down and clean
up the cave!





Stripped for action,
then she can
carry the burdens . . .

. . . and come home all
dewy from a dip in the lake.





When she's naughty she'll know
she has to be spanked.



Jem Dandy's Man of The Month

A department of facts (but mostly figures) to prove the natural superiority of men over women

THIS month Jem Dandy pays a belated tribute to Takekadoh Sogawa, who represents the lapins of window washers. The profession of window washing is an exciting and fearless job engaged in by thousands of little-known heroes. As Y. S. himself once said to an interviewer in a helicopter hovering off the flat roof of the Empire State Building: "Although mine is a painful task (Come along, won't you — I can't stand alone that golden sunny marble!) — I say, although mine is a painful task, you'll never see me step out of line and make a mark of myself! Get it — make a mark —? Nope, watch it — you almost knocked me off the sill with that helicopter, Bums!"

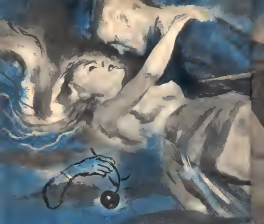
For some reason, the above quote has never been published before, yet it is a part of every window washer's creed. As you're gazed by me, Takekadoh

Sogawa is no longer with us. He fell very close to the bottom of an old subway station not long ago, while in the line of duty. A certain amount of mystery concerning this public servant's death was lifted with the development of a call of files that with a telephone line from a building across the street.

The photo on the opposite page was taken an instant before Sogawa plunged to his untimely doom. (The photographer, accused as a peeping Tom, jumped from his window shortly afterward.) It will remain a fitting tribute to the skill and devotion of Takekadoh Sogawa, and will doubtless inspire many an up-and-coming youngster to follow in his footsteps. Up to a point, of course.

(Next Man of the Month: The Garage Mechanic — that grease, grungy, greasying genius of the grease pit.)





THE BEAUTIFUL HOSTESS LOST A PRECIOUS POSSESSION, BUT GAINED
MEMBERSHIP IN A MOST EXCITING ORGANIZATION WHEN SHE WAS
SWAYED INTO THE

MILE HIGH CLUB

BY MARY T. DOBSON



“Check out the way that’s the trouble. The lady, name Partridge, Captain Charles ‘Boss’ Doyle” read his card rapidly and handed the message to the waitress in hand.

“1000 Flight 206 from Pittsburgh to Boston was enroute. The plane’s two Double Wing engines don’t synchronize. Captain Lemuel Johnston has repeatedly maintaining altitude and going up the Atlantic 404 along the air route.

“A good time for a stop at coffee and cigarettes. That Check is by posted the location for the meeting.

“James Merrill’s was freckled face popped to across the shoulders of the two girls.

“You’d like a cup of coffee with cream and the blue short pie, Les?”

“That blue is yes, James girl.”

James watched the girl as she swung out of

the cockpit. God, when the day get close that he thought. Every year the new ship comes to get younger and prettier. The thing that gets you, is that they all seem so damnably innocent of their functions. Check suppressed a very grin.

I know the personnel department each get “Are you a virgin?” by the questionnaire, but I’ll bet that lady closer to it in Kansas City makes official promiscuousness after giving physical exams.

Jack’s hell, except for himself the last five girls that made the two with me didn’t even make or drink, he recalled subconsciously.

Check’s meditations were suddenly interrupted as the stewardess suggested in the cockpit something deliciously of hot coffee and fresh pastries.

“James, you’re a doll. How are you doing with our happy passengers?” Check queried as he hand went out for the stewardess, too.

MILE HIGH CLUB

"Well, we're expanding all of them at Albany and if we don't pick up any more than my last trip, I'd say I've just about got it made from here on in to Boston."

As the girl once again left the daily lit cockpit, Chuck greeted to himself, "That's . . . what a lot of women that one is."

He would stand back to the previous evening. After dinner, Louise had begged out on the movies to do some reading. Later, when Chuck and Jean were leaving the theater, she had eagerly accepted his invitation to catch Louis Armstrong at the Colony Club.

They had danced well and cheerily. Chuck remembered how the slight pressure he had placed on her back had caused her to melt into full contact with him. Every inch of her body had responded.

Wonder! He had to admit that the old-timer Jean Maxwell wasn't demandingly unaware of her bewitchment.

How in hell did the CWA interviewers ever let her slip through? There must have been a weak one next.

Ex-Sergey Lieutenant Charles C. McLeod had cut his teeth on the war years. He had never completely adjusted to the following blowup of his life.

The ongoing mystery that had gradually changed what he had come to know as a way of life continually nagged him. The "big question," the problem of justice—the standards — they were all required — and he wasn't.

Contemplation of the thing only increased his frustration, so he frequently escaped the problem by returning illusoriness to the past.

He missed those wild years.

He was thinking now of a flight nurse he had known out in Hawaii. Her name too, had been Jean. It had been one of the parties at Kilauea. He had spotted her sitting in "French 76," surrounded by a group of visiting and admiring submariners.

He had moved to a more advantageous position at the bar. The mystery stood vividly in his mind.

She took notice of him, appeared rapidly and just before returning her gaze to her admirers worked almost imperceptibly.

She turned to the nearest submarine officer and with suave reassurance asked "Hey, Commander, do you boys have such a thing as a 'Mile Low Club'?"

The question remained unanswered as Chuck's quick entrance into the scene and the approval of the "père de naissance" in the dance floor left all but the participation of the table chemistry with mouths agape.

Chuck smiled inwardly with the recollection. What a girl she had turned out to be. She was the one who had complicated him with the fact that in some circles the Navy "wings of gold" were affectionately

known as "big spreaders."

Chuck's revenue was broken at the cockpit tapped him and beckoned for him to get his headshot on. Lou reported an over-run.

"ATC has cleared us to let down to 700 after passing Catalina. We should be there in about three minutes. ETA for Albany is 05. How about you driving while I pay a visit to the main powder room. That'll help you get the bird back down to earth."

Chuck was now back to the smooth functioning lieutenant-like pilot he always was when, actually professing his preference. The plane became an extension of him.

When Louise returned, the two men efficiently and efficiently went about their tasks. Chuck points and alternate changes were reported. Chuck's face was red — challenge and answer.

Jean went down the aisle from passenger to passenger to inspect for buckled seat belts.

The weather was excellent. Chuck's approach and landing reflected his accomplishment. The plane settled on the runway with the same ease and grace that the pilot displayed a few minutes later as he descended the tail stairway.

Louise bounced down after him with a handful of papers and the two pilots headed for Operations.

At 1218 EDT, CWA Flight 308 was again ready to take to the air for the final home leg to Boston.

As Chuck turned the dog to the run-up position on the ramp, he looked over to his cockpit.

"Man, I'd say that just about takes the cake. I've made this last leg when we've only had three or four passengers on board, but to-





THE CRACK HAZI SPY HAD
TROUBLES ENOUGH WHEN HE
POSED AS A GIRL WHEN HE
REVEALED HIMSELF AS A MAN.
THINGS WENT

FROM BED TO WORSE

THE most fascinating story of espionage and intrigue to come out of World War II has yet to be told — an account that is about to be revealed on these pages. It should rightfully have been included in Volume III of the Winston Churchill's excellent history of the war, however, it was at the time considered too delicate a matter to appear as so dignified a work. Being a possible source of considerable embarrassment to both the Royal Air Force and the British Admiralty. In any case, the record, until very recently, was incomplete.

Now, fortunately, as authors hope revealed to readers made by this correspondent with the leading figures in the extraordinary drama, has brought the full facts to light. Thus, the account story is herewith offered to past and historians — not to mention the R.A.F., and the Admiralty — for its silence in the annals of the Second World War.

First, a brief recapitulation of the known facts in

the year prior to this reporter's interview. In August of 1942, some weeks preceding the Battle of El Alamein — the turning point in the desert warfare, a young German spy, Rudolph von Wengenhausen (or, pronounced Wengenhausen), boarded a British troopship at Southampton and successfully evaded capture for two weeks during the voyage to Suez. While on the ship, Wengenhausen posed himself off as a member of various branches of the Royal Services, thus gaining much vital information for his Nazi masters. This intelligence never reached its intended destination once, halfway through the voyage, the Nazi agent surrendered to the ship's captain under circumstances that were to say, the least, unusual. The following transcript from the ship's log for August 19th, 1942, describes the incident.

At about 2230 hours, with a full moon rising, found the mate Christopherly (Continued on page 32)



Has he really
gone? Yes, he's
getting on the bus

Hi,
honey

I'm alone now



I thought you'd like it here



It won't
take me
two minutes
to get
ready.



You want coffee now baby?





Ummm... feels so good!



Making Time in the SUN

*When a man loves fishing and hates women,
you have a hard case. But explain him
to the hot sun and a warm girl—
and he'll soften up like a jellyfish!*

By STEVE APRIL

NICK CHALONE is about the most hard-boiled guy I've ever known and I don't mean he's mostly out of those hard-mouthed, tough talking characters. Nick is really hard. You only have to look at his ugly, scarred face which still shows the wear and tear it took when Nick was a club-fighter around Miami rings, or see his square, muscular body, the hard eyes, or the things say to him of spending . . . and you know Nick is nobody to play with. He, I know that since we were kids — that far as Nick was concerned the chips were always down, which is why we got along fine on our fishing boat, the Lucky Marlin. I never find interesting him and Nick never got rugged with me.

Nick is tough in a lot of small ways. There isn't as much crap dough floating around these days as there was when the war, you don't find as many big show women so chasing a heart. Nick and I make out, you understand, but it isn't like the men of books we pulled up back in '46 and '47. We only. (Continued on page 52.)



SLUG 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM

(Continued from page 33)

they had lost since the advent of the so shakable law. Among other things, the Depression came to an end.

But then came the war, an unusual time when thousands and thousands were unemployed, to the extent that even if a fellow did slug his girl with a half recovered cantaloupe, the only person might be just love but handle things.

With the coming of the postwar period, everybody in all things expected to be better released. The moral values took all these interest old New women and became harder again. Alibi had put away his clock and dagger and took his twenty twenty seat out of south lane. Girls came back and for one got him, Pioneer Carson, not Gorman Lane?

But the returning soldier, it seemed, had left something of himself from the halls of Warlike to the shores of Trips. And those who had returned at home in total industry — such as stamping out paper type for the Pentagon — even they had lost something that was like Gogury, George Bell, Ben Darnay and Humphrey Bogart had fought so hard to establish in the hearts of their fellow men.

They had lost a goodly part of their freedom.

No longer did they slug, slap, rap or spank their women when annoyed. On the contrary they presented indignation to her, through signs themselves, that revealed the treatment that the American were handed upon that warship mates. More and more women, having got used to it during the war, went to work. As their pay made more and they became economically independent, they became independent in other ways.

They held on over the heads of men and used it as though it a got dog. "Bug for a, bug."

And what did we and blundered Amer men men do? ... We lagged! Some men we got it, sometimes we didn't. The point is that we entirely new concept of our national character — a concept that men in beginning with the treatment of women after World War I. When we gave them the vote we gave up one of our cherished freedoms!

They didn't want it! The freedom I guess. The vote, yes. But by turning

over a fully licensed, thirty million, got belted out to the need for security the American male has changed his womanhood all of their language — namely, the word and desire to be dominated.

Hell, damn Eve spit out the apple into Adam's eye, women have wanted them men to be men! If Adam, the chile, had teased Eve even he knew and realized her naked being, things might have been different. For a time it looked as though we were on the verge's end. Oddly enough, men had their greatest time during the Dark Ages. They were tough then and crude and dominating. On the other hand there arose a theory that all that about was not a protection against one another but against women? Whenever a girl started showing her weight around her hard and so both could get right back at her, the cost of real world was heavier? Alas, there has been a recent rise in epidemiological epidemic, they say that the original spelling of that term was root of 'wade'. In other words, medieval men — men at war — were less manly than a man.

At night he took it all. Once it had his wife had him at her mercy. "Bug off!" she might say. And he would reply: "But, dear, I've been hard on slugging that animal around all day!"

So she would beat him. And served the best right! So that now we are coping the hardest road by our per decisions. Women and we are doing nothing about it. Although we are protected by the law from being beaten by our women, in a physical sense, we are less beaten mentally at every turn. We allow them to dictate the design of our automobiles — for their comfort and appearance. (Which of you wouldn't rather own a big, heavy, shaggy, muddy, uncomfortable, tough metal sports car — an automobile, by God! — than a new big, very warm, upholstered, sport-oriented Cadillac with power steering and conveniently wide rear seats? I thought so.)

The important thing is, of course, not whether we'd rather have one car or another, but our freedom of choice. We don't have any. I'm a sample who do you think is responsible for that intellectual slavery the right hand?

The American woman, that's who. Why? Because they're too busy to walk up and down a stairway flight of stairs one and then.

Why do they collect all this money upon their husbands — or contribute to members, as the case may be?

Because, we don't share them around as in their right to expect? As a result the women of this country have lost all respect for us. In our place has been the selfish ego that spilled of sexual excretion. We are married, these days, for our income instead of our output.

If we are paid because the laws of the Kinky Republic — although the laws themselves are good, too — we find that by the time a girl reaches the decision to marry she is disillusioned with the economy that sexual selection has given her for a husband. She has way lost him and he has been found wanting.

As a result of that trial and, for the most part, even a woman knows that for the rest of her life she must have a substitute for good old-fashioned domination. Usually, she substitutes money. After the marriage and the honeymoon (a mere romantic ardor time now obtained for the sole purpose of establishing who's going to wear the pants in the family), a woman spends most of her time in front of a TV set, or in back of it — or after noon show shows.

The blame for this evolution and unnatural situation in American civilization I lay at the feet of the American woman — which is where the blame was first handed, logically enough. From this position — at the head of the woman instead of at the head of the man — the man gets up and says her to stop doing. What he fails to do, a girl has by the hand and push her into submission. Or threat a glance from into her own petal mouth.

For some reason he can't bring himself to believe that there's what she wants him. And even if he does, he can't command the girl to do it. Thereby, he, the target.

So, in our big bedrooms he buys a second TV set. He installs it in his other workshop, and there he watches the old movies on the late late show instead of going to bed. What kind of movies?

He watches for very strange pictures

of James Cagney appearing grappled
piano, and Bogart, Raft and the like
baiting their dolls around like ping-
pong balls. He watches Dan Duryea
lead a woman's music into the
main hall. Obviously he glances over
the houses and restaurants collected as
Americans disembark (the wait) by
some means here — who is real life
is probably just as unpleasant!

But the same as with him, Gerv goes
there first and they walk off over you.
They don't know how to handle her
then. They're unhappy with it. They

want to be told what to do — and make
decisions for themselves. They want
homemade Women, do, too. They want
to be mastered. They're convinced that
way. When a man tells them what to
do, they do it and they get pleased,
they get towards like a new hat and
everybody is satisfied. They aren't re-
sponding to doing it out — it's not of
be showed on them, which is how it should
be.

Like when they have the papers and
copy the phrases of the talk last.
That's when the husband has to watch

out for the danger. But the con-
spiring here then — the laugh on the
growing white steel. She talks on how
with him — and why? Because he
takes the ship board, he tells her what
to do. And she knows it like he's
in taking care of her and how long
adventure — that's the natural order.

As an old cliché has it, a word in the
war is sufficient. Unfortunately there
are too many war guys in this country
— and not enough wise men. I can
only say that they had better wear up
— or there won't be any men at all!

FROM BED TO WORSE

(Continued from page 55)

happened to be passing head number
1 on the port side of the ship. Suddenly
I saw beneath the heavy curtain her
pauze, even the sounds of struggle
accompanied by agonized cries for
help. Before Chalmers could act,
the impetuous man came down from within
and a figure sprang from the boat's
interior to land on the deck alongside
my pitifully life worn deck and in the
uniform of a flying lieutenant, R.A.F.,
with the exception of the trousers,
which were not as evasive. The 'life
trooper', who turned out to be the spy,
Wingcommander, reached Chalmers-
ky's grasp and moved to the bridge
where he promptly gave himself up. He
spoke the commander of the voyage to
come, a man silent, and yet apparently
unwinded, generous.

Months later, Chalmersky, as he was
about to replace the runner of the bar-
pauze, discovered two groups of R.A.F.
members — both high ranking flying
officers — in the kitchen. One still
held onto the money agent's trousers.
When Chalmersky asked the two men
what they were doing in there, he was
told to 'bugger off your impudent
old!' 'This was the beginning of the
ship's trip.

Eventually, the two flying officers, in
pauze with Chalmersky, were de-
clared for their part in the capture
of the desperate agent. And there the
capture is shown on that house was
just — until one day last month, in
West Berlin. The episode was resting
that only in his lifetime as European
correspondent for *Forty Four* Maga-
zine. (Published by the Russians and
Eastern Axis.) While teaching about a
new and devastating weapon for ap-
ply

struggle, as he was testing the strength
of a small battery on *Philosophical*
Place, one of the four nations was
suddenly pointed out to the writer as a
former Nazi spy. The man, a modest
figure in his mid-thirties, was engaged
in conversation and, with an air of
boredom that, the incredible truth of
the Wingcommander's office came to
light.

Now, then, is the story told in *How
Wingcommander's* own words:
I was born here on *Philosophical*
Place. In fact, my mother owned the
biggest house on the street, my father
having died at sea some years earlier.
I remember, above all, the situation
that prevailed in our home. Father
would not allow me to play with the
girls in our family, for example. I had
eighteen water and almost in
twenty years — a credit to my mother,
who was only thirty-two.

Then I grew up with a strong sense
of morality and an even stronger sense
of duty — in that, by the time I was
about 17, Mother, as girl for a job,
I was fixed for only one thing. I re-
sented a female superintendent on the
main hall, being of slight build and
an almost hairless skin, with an ex-
ceptionally handsome face, the job was
easy for me.

About this time, war came along and,
like everyone else, I was placed where
I was most useful. It was Herr Goebels
himself who chose me as one of Ger-
many's leading spies. This came about
one year back stage when, having
finished my act, I returned to the main
showing room to find several high
placed Nazis looking over the girls, on
various positions they often took part

in. As I passed Herr Goebels — I was
still in my female dress, of course —
the Minister of Propaganda reached
out and wadded himself of a shocked
laugh. Being, as I say, of modest build
then, I was more than a little shocked.

So was Herr Goebels. "Foolish!"
he muttered, looking around, "if you
can lead me, you can easily lead the
stupid British page. I will make you a
master spy!"

That he did, if I do say so. I believe
he also wanted to make me something
else, but before he could slip me to
the Russian front for lack of opportu-
nity, I became a master spy and was
sent to my first — and last — journey.

As history has it, my job was this:
The great British base, Mulligan
House, was in lower Southampton
Island, less than ten hours' flight, with
5,000 members of the Royal Air
Force. Also aboard were to be fifty
W.A.P.s — not as my Germans called
them, while — members of the We-
stern Auxiliary Air Force.

I would take my place on the ship
as one of the W.A.P.s. It would give
the members [presumably including]
a chance to prove their intelligence after-
ward inevitable. ("In the powder
rooms of these women," Herr Goebels
had said, "you will find things you'd
never hear say place else!")

Everything went according to plan.
I joined the W.A.P. — that was a
terrible moment! — got aboard the
Mulligan House, and before long
land myself in the Bay of Biscay in
order to show. This job, I thought, was
a challenge. But — I had reckoned with
the British interpretation of his-
tory.

Think — can you imagine fifty young women concentrated within the confines of a ship that also contains 1,000 men? For thirty days? With the single rule being, "Keep it dark!" Well, several days passed as we skirted the coast of France and Spain (this by me, the WASPS, most of these pretty young things, went to their staterooms at three and every night. Since I was by no means the loudest of them, I was in the middle from the beginning. At first it was somewhat humorous, certainly had not yet set in, but let us take the more optimistic. Fifty girls, 1,000 men — 100 to one. The odds were really far greater than that, even about half the ladies — the stateroom — were commandeered by several officers of staff grade, leaving about 25 to fight off the rest of the men.

The situation seemed to be hopeless on the fourth night yet. Prior to this I was able to feed off the various allusions of those poor love-starved boys (yet how starved was you for after only four days?). Now, however, they began to show signs of desperation. On this fourth night I was walking along the main deck, a place reserved for all doors and balconies, trying to avoid stepping on them, when I was suddenly accosted by a flying serpent. Without a word he drew me into the shadow of a ventilator and forced me to the deck. I retreated, since then, admiring his tenacity of not only revealing the forbidden, but even venturing out of the house, but as the flying serpent was about to make a most frustrating discovery, he was suddenly dealt a terrific blow from behind by someone who appeared to be largely composed of muscles, muscles and muscles. The serpent went hurtling through the grating and to land on a life raft ten feet below.

The bemuddled and bewildered expression turned out to be a leopards — the leopards — and he was very reluctant of my willful. When I tried to rise, he pushed me back gently, checking his tongue constantly. "Did the lightning hurt you, dear?" He cracked my thighs with a delicate and knowing touch. "How dare he strike such incredible purity as this? A mere serpent — but? Such a shame as this is worthy of working by the rule of the earth, no less?" He bowed himself to one elbow on the deck and drew my something truly close to his "beloved, let me lay claim to this."

QUIPPING POST

*(Send a good one! Send it to THE QUIPPING POST,
401 Columbia Avenue, Ocean City, N. J. and get a few
of the best by return mail.)*



JUNIOR'S parents were worried about their quipping. Certain of his actions and the way he talked sometimes led them to believe that there was might be developing into a real mania. So they took the boy to a psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist seated Junior before his desk, then whipped out a pad of paper and drew a square.

"What does this make you think of?" he asked, indicating the square he had drawn.

"A man and a woman go 'bed together,'" answered the lad without hesitation.

The psychiatrist drew an oblong and showed it to Junior with the same question.

"A boy and a girl have a 'talk' on a 'hallway,'" was the way Junior interpreted that drawing.

Then the psychiatrist sketched a circle, showed it before the boy and asked:

"And what does this remind you of?"

"A guy and a gal together" it is in a nutshell," was the answer.

The psychiatrist shook his head and said, "Boy, you are cork, cork cork. You really need psychiatric help."

"What are ya gunkin' on me for, doc?" said Junior indignantly. "I ain't done nothing. You're the guy's." (Continued on page 50)

I let him have it flush on the mouth. As it came from the higher triangles, it hit by springing north onto the deck, several paths of hands clustered at one from the darkness. By the time I reached the relative safety of my quarters, I was suffering from an attack of nervous stomach. Remember that not only was my situation — my very life — endangered by this accident, but in case of events that the stout moral code whereby I had lived for a lifetime was being widely belittled by these unworldly brutes.

I stood it for seven days, and each night was a thing of horror during which I stole into the ship. Even in the afternoon, when I shared with him a glass, I was not safe for it proved to be a favorite resting place and the source of unquenchable agony. These were, if I do not say, not without a certain fascination if you studied your mind; but surely did me not without some unsatisfied manner looking to ward my wife, a need to vary the heavy. More often than not I would manage to escape barely in time by squeezing out through a porthole.

Then, on the seventh day I thought I was cured. Actually, it was a case of the lying pen and the lie — and happened in this way. My C.O., an even grey-haired body with eyes to match, and lined impressively both here and at the neck, came at me on that day. "Seeing my deck-eyed men and was complexion, she said with one eye-brow raised: "I've wanted you young body these many days, and it appears that you are endeavoring to return your request at all costs." I smiled faintly and she continued: "This pleasure, see. There are two like like you on this ship — or had, you're the only one I've been able to find. Now, darling, have your gun and clothing brought to my cabin and we'll spend the rest of the trip together. That's an order."

With a rapid motion I did as I was told. Here if I were careful would be protection from the rest of the ship's passengers; my duty was something about the look in that C.O.'s eyes.

Indeed, this wild creature barely waited until I had tossed my gun into the top bunk before she had placed me into the bathos. "Let us," she said "understand one thing from the beginning," and put her ivory hand on my thigh.

I murmured, With a woman, I made for the door. She hurried after me but

I gained the outer corridor and went down, along its dark length, keeping over numerous pairs of hands in various stages of bewitching — and leaving to be seized on seats by predatory males and females? No, you can imagine. The latest incident on my lower was the most shocking, by far. Although neither had varied any of the extremes of such people, I had been divided from them. To so narrowly escape the clutches of one was de-vastating to the nervous system. As I lay, baffled in preparation, deep on the bench of the ship, I trembled.

But I knew what I must do. I would have to change my sex. That is I must dress myself of these ridiculous W.A.F. garments and become a man again.

My chance came that very evening when I decided to pass by the officer's shower room on D deck. With me there was a bathroom hanging at the top of his lungs and separated from his neighbors by a solid wall. He was presently separated from it by the length of the ship as I have it down in the forepeak. There I snuffed that hated W.A.F. uniforms under a spare cushion, however, and dressed up now dressing three upon I felt, indeed, and could not like a man. I climbed out at the forepeak — which proved to be a safe haven for the duration of my stay in the Muligan Queen — and landed for the sounds of activity on the upper decks.

The ship was, of course, traveling under blackest conditions; that the decks were lighted only by such illumination as filtered down from the sky. It was not enough to prevent our from occasionally taking over parts of extended legs. This is all to be diagnosed — especially if we left upon the water of the legs, I did, upon, and prepared as I might think.

The legs joined both lower the glossy surface of a stack of life who. This is snuffed cry. I collapsed upon the body of a man lying there. There came a grunt from the body and, suddenly I was seized in a huge pair of powerful hands. "Yes, yes," the body said, "that's you got no respect for the person of a thirty-year man? Suppose I was fifteen-year man? I'll tell you!" I thought truth please, eh? And with that I would tell an agreeing pressure on my ribs. My face was brought close to that of my partner but, apparently a moment.

"I say," he continued, "you're a

young man, ain't you — and with a nose, then? (Lyle-like, Frank, no?) With that, there was a change in the nature of his appearing. It took on an entirely new quality that was even more his object than the low leg it supported. It grunted, however, the man to release me — that I had a W.A.F. anti-horse-riding suit under the jacket.

"Come, come, darling," the support said, "pull it free in a pinch but you'll find the ladies. They'll order you prepared at all."

I tried to start my bewildered own. "All right," I said, "you've talked me into it." At once my captor relaxed. "Now, there's more like it. You just look straight at me, no?"

With a desperate lurch I escaped two of his grip and rolled out of reach on the darkness. Then, leaving a trail of head-on figures running in my wake, I dashed forward in the safety of my lamp, downing the lands after me.

I stayed there for several days, not even going to the main hall for outside but hunger at length forced me to return to me — to my Warden, as it happened.

On my way to the ward room to buy some scraps of food from the crew, I ran across the best deck, sternward making one motion. There was a hell scene about the ship, and a vast dark chamber. When I saw a pair of officers, who were sitting on the lee of one of the lifeboats. They looked up, startled. "I say," murmured the higher ranking of the two, "there's a new man."

"By all means, let's introduce him into the club," said the other.

It was lower both here and at the two leading boats, who glanced down upon me with obvious contempt. You open, content of these allegations. I grunted back at them. It was a first mistake. Complimenting me upon my intelligence, the two lifted me bodily over the lifeboat, the tarpaulin of which had been lashed back. You seemed to stare for a moment. I sat in the boat while they followed me. Now what they expected the man, saying so, turned to full darkness, did I begin to suspect these would happen.

I moved, but not quickly enough. One of them seized my legs, the other grabbed me around the chest. Before I could cry out they had pulled my trousers off with a single heave. Then they began rubbing upon me with a degree as have rarely fallen to the lot

of my secret agent. At last I could hear it no longer. Struggling indignantly, I continued again and again, blustering curses and threats, my two tormentors relaxed their vigilance for the moment — long enough for me to break away. Flaming through the corner of the tarpaulin, I washed, half naked, over the cliffs, I remember, at 11 o'clock, half-dressed, the wind out of one of the crevices who happened to be passing at that moment.

The house was only two doors. I could

continue to attempt to evade the inevitable, thus subjecting myself to possible chains and a severe flogging. Or I could submit to the loss of my identity — with a wealth of chains of method.

No, not even my duty to *San Francisco* and *San Francisco* could tempt me to the extent that an article had commenced at what I was about. I dashed up the companionway to the bridge of the ship and there surrendered to the Guard. With that, was imprisoned my

short career as a master spy for Nazi Germany.

Now you, like the captain of the ship and later, the German people, ask me why. Why did I surrender when, by the mere act of my hand, I might have started the career of my mission and, perhaps, changed the very course of the war?

Well, I can answer you only as I answered them: "One man's word — but I didn't intend to be the one!"

BAGANDA BLUES

(Continued from page 17)

cornering of a large joint of mutton, a basket of fruit, some medicinal herbs and a good deal of native beer. I learned later on that this was a lovely light morning meal, the lunch and dinner were really something!

To my pleasure he turned out to be another American, and with the improbable name of Elmo Bungle.

"I have to talk fast," he muttered, obviously in a pained state of loss. "My next lesson begins in about a half hour and I must finish breakfast!" He spoke the rest of the time while stuffing his mouth with food. (This is the edited story he told me — a tale so completely horrifying as to freeze the hottest blood!)

Bungle, a salesman extraordinary, appeared on Uganda in the course of a worldwide tour, a sort of public relations agent for his company. What was he selling? That was of (You see, isn't it?) I asked, "— there in Africa?" "Of course," he said. "You should try seeing the stuff! It's 120 pounds!" Somehow he had stumbled across this very village some weeks ago.

As was the custom, he had been shown every countryman a house to sleep in, and a couple of women young women for staying over. As it happened this People, like myself, had travelled for and with and with him many, strange and even in front of him the world around. And, like myself, he had learned much that is not taught in the halls of ivory — or even in the desert. The experience, however, had been largely as Bungle. I remember he mentioned that he was very familiar with the French, and very sure.

Next morning, as Bungle stood happily here he had after a night of desultory instruction in what is called the "Continental manner," he was

decided to see his way marked by Chief Nkiga, his head with chains and two armed guards. All were glancing longly.

"We watch you all right," said Nkiga, solemnly. "— you must sleep!"

Bungle realized that, with the lamp burning, the chief and his trustees had witnessed, through the glass walls, his perceptive maintenance in all their commensurate detail. He blushed at thought a little pleased, and thanked the chief. "Say that," he said, loudly.

"Yes!" said Nkiga. "That is one plus. We never see things like that before. What you tell progress! So — you stay here while we. You finish all our women this progress! Take these by eight men, three by day. Make sure of this very happy!" Nkiga stopped his fingers. These women — not nearly as young and handsome as his friends of the night — stepped from behind the guards. They looked badly enough. "There now!" ordered Nkiga and the guards pushed Bungle back inside the bar. The women followed.

Bungle looked up at my words, his curved in smother smothering bitterly on a line of husband's face. "That was five weeks ago," he said weakly. "I can't go on much longer — and I can't escape. Even if I did who would believe such a story? Would you believe that only five weeks ago I was a 200 pound co-hodder?" The women were weakly by the arm and hand his hand close to mine. "Look — get out of here fast before it's too late! Before they pull the same trick on you! If you spend a night with any of these women — and if you show any irregularity at all you're done for! Leave now — and when you reach civilization tell them about me. Bring the D.C. and some soldiers back with you! Another day or

two and — I'm finished!" Bungle took back on his weary forehead.

It was a sad story, all right, but I cannot say I was not thinking about past old Bungle right then? "That may," I said, with some hesitation, "sound a little strange, but — well, you tell me some of the things you — or — teach the women here? For example, is this in your course?" And I described a little trick that had not gone down of those women into my brain.

Bungle blushed. "Golly — but if I had the strength I'd sure like to try it!" Maybe when I get out of here —" His shoulders sagged again.

"How about this one?" I gave him the details of certain exercises practiced to raise the temperature of my spine twenty degrees. Bungle just shook his head slowly and flicked his lips. I was left truly sorry for his mental condition. At the same time I felt like one assigned to the firing squad.

For now I knew that the rough during the night had come from so far, and I knew why the lamp had been kept for I turned to look across the village at the "palace" of the Chief.

Now enough, he stopped with a broken figure who wore a donk's head mask and carried a skull scepter. Behind these two came a pair of huge warriors with spears. They looked straight toward us, and on their faces was the breadth of smiles.

Dropping up the rear of the procession were three women of sufficient age and form. They looked like starting figures.

I heard a broken sigh. "Here are a kind of that man," I said.

"From now on," Bungle murmured, "leading me a first. You'll have all you want."

★ ★ ★

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-WORN

BY DON WAN



THIS is the scientific age. Everything, from industry to military affairs, is governed by science these days. And even romance has begun to change, inevitably, as the sciences move in.

The other night I had a pretty little man consumed in a phone booth.

"Molten," I said, as I reached for the coin slot, "you are out of this world."

"Oh," she said, stopping my face. "That's a helluva thing to say to a good girl. What do you think I am, a spinach?"

Now I ask, professors, isn't that horrifying? That a young lady should expect to start a scientific discussion about space travel at a time like that is a sad commentary on our present generation of femininity. Love and romance are becoming second to fact and science and rocketry these days.

But, unlamented, I have a system of my own — the Don Wan KEM Love System.

You have contacted a girl. She seems willing and you are able. Then, just when things are progressing nicely she says, "But would you mind if we paused here to discuss molasses?"

You paused as if you've heard nothing.

"I said," she says, struggling feebly, "let's discuss molasses."

More action. More protests about a stupid discussion.

Finally, you say, "Molten, I AM discussing the KEM."

"KEM?"

"Yes 'p' I can't believe myself!" (Continued on page 55)

THE QUIPPING POST

(Continued from page 54)

deserve all the dirty pictures?"

Old man descended on the heads of the African Chieftain, Oghenechigwe, making him a very rich man. The Chief celebrated by buying a plane and taking off to Paris, where he had a high old time.

After a few weeks in Paris, the Chief got hungry, his nose began to tickle at food, so he went into a little Parisian restaurant and caught out the proprietor.

"I want a roast, stuffed Roman," he told the restaurateur.

"Oh, certainly, we do not serve such things here," the proprietor told him. "We cannot serve people in our country."

"Look," said the Chief. "I want a roast, stuffed Roman, and I'm willing to pay for it. Here's \$5,000. Now serve me my roast Roman."

For \$5,000 the proprietor of the average French restaurant will do any thing, so the Frenchman went out to the chef, explained a Roman, brought him over the head, stuffed and roasted the rooster and served him to the Chief complete with an apple stuck in his mouth. The Chief said he had never tasted a better roast, stuffed Roman and went away satisfied.

In a few weeks, the Chief returned to his native land. After a few days there he began to miss something.

"It's this African cooking," he said to himself. "It can never equal that French cuisine. I think I'll go back to Paris and get me another roast, stuffed Roman."

So, he hopped in his plane, flew back to Paris and returned to the same little restaurant.

"I want another of those delicious roasts, stuffed Roman," he said to the proprietor.

"Oh, certainly, we cannot serve that in Paris."

"Why not?" asked the Chief. "I was here once before and you served me a delicious roast, stuffed Roman. I paid you \$5,000 for it, and I'm willing

to get the same amount again."

"Oh, nonsense. I remember you, but I cannot ever again make you a sweet-stuffed bun!"

"Why not?"

"They're too hard to chew."

Chief Ogeewahkewah introduced many modern improvements to his food. On a flying trip to America he learned a great deal about quickly prepared foods. Now in Ogeewahkewah's country the cornbuds don't boil as fast as their cousins. They cook in them. Then they put the whole in little baskets and when

they get hungry they put cold water and they have — instant people!

The much-honored scientist had been shown on his back for a long time. With out much for many weeks, he was down to his last quarters.

Seeking help, he went to the cathedral, dropped his last coin into the poor box, hark and began to pray.

In a few moments he was expelled by a powerful light and a noisy band of lions out of nowhere.

"Fear not, my son!" and the voice, "You have no granfather. You

troubles will end. You are only will be returned in your full glory in a few hours, but you will become even greater in show than before. And you will have more feelings than you've ever had before."

The light faded, the voice faded off, and the scientist looks alone shivered. Suddenly he had a thought.

"Look!" he said, "I don't want to be a poor old tell me, when will all this happen?"

The light went back on and the voice faded.

"Don't call me. We'll call you."

DIAMOND DUST

(Continued from page 4)

living house is an overdeveloped fact. In fact, he makes an example of the Indians Jayne Marshall, whose diamonds have more than once appeared in full view on J.D.'s wife's wrist. Jayne's house says Mr. NARM begins at the edge where he begins in an emotional vulgarity.

"But J.D. says it on the NARM. Let him down in most participating in his stolen from others, for no support he has sufficient at least. J.D. would have to be looked on the latest J.D. who says and the battle of the future is his from being followed.

We bring you two fresh and lively comments in fact. Jayne's 17-year-old, French Jean Williamson is Chicago 20-year-old, French Jean Williamson.

It cannot about that last winter Day on Jean was married by the bank's coming out of Jean to show about and when her money reached the last up point, Jean found in a Chicago newspaper office. With no further ado, then a strategic press while photographers reached their stations, she backwash found her financial collapse and descended to be married. It was a lovely night, indeed, and while the tape stopped in the 40-inch mark, Jean Jean was introduced.

"No question that tonight, not quantity," she declared having an awkward night.

Meanwhile Jean Williamson, the biggest figure in French show business, arrived in New York. Naturally (and we can prove they're natural in

Jean's photographs were dispatched to record her arrival and by a strange coincidence one of them had a picture of Jean Jean having her chest in Chicago.

Blue Williamson was posing dramatically at the moment in the proceedings. She was modestly draped in a night as part of a 17-year-old with her mother on the person — an added state which up to then had somewhat dampened the enthusiasm of the business.

And then morning took a look at Jean Jean's place.

"Can't she read herself?" "Yes, she, like a picture of this?"

No doubt she meant "this," for in seeing the report of Jean's bikini and found these night, more 40-inches for portraits. Oh, no, indeed! And the tape is done. We leave you with the immortal creation of J.D.'s friendly photographer, who reported later with one:

"Think heaven I had a wide angle lens!"

All of which shows what these women girls will go to when they're trying to prove superior talent. Surely may be dead if you remember that old story, but we'll keep on watching the battle of the frontal lobe.

Interjection by J.D. There'll always be a British house and now the first event will be Jean's.

Jean, Jayne... and even Jean Jean. Long may they wear their coats

For not long ago our antagonists from the world of luxury got a little into, back — and from Paris, too. Some for by not purchasing a Machine that with current was too much for the Paris railway, others. The next day and the little don't, and the complaint. So they had to carry up Marlene's legs — with confidence.

What J.D. is going to wonder would happen if somebody opened a copy of J.D. or the Paris Man? What in the world has happened to Paris, anyway? After all that city has given the world (not exactly) a welcome named Brigitte Bardo, whom we'd be glad to have in our subway too that it all.

Despite despite her openly photographic policy, it is excellent case in point for J.D.'s current philosophy. We see NARM man's domination. We suggest you reveal our editorial which starts on the cover. And then we suggest that you make a note on your recent checklist for a conference with the next issue of J.D. in which we X-Ray Brigitte's REAL desire — a man who can dominate her — even, perhaps, J.D. himself!

A pretty woman in the new from J.D. If you read that in time, remember that June 4 is Old Mad's Day. An Old Mad, but you forget, in a girl who has never been married or anything. And let you be tempted to rush out as if almost the immediate action in J.D. were you that Old Mad's Day is followed on June 15 by —

Expectant Father's Day! ★ ★ ★

MAKING TIME IN THE SUN

(Continued from page 49)

have some regular customers who fly down in their private planes and spend money like it was paper, but day by day things are getting pretty tight. We cut our price down in 1935 a day, and sometimes a guy will say he hasn't that kind of money, how about going out for a couple drinks? Though we may not have had a party all week, and even if he believes the guy honestly can't pay more than sixty, Nook will still tell the guy to drive on home.

But yesterday I found Nook had a under side . . . a real under side.

We had a party ready to go, a pretty couple and some magnificent singing at one of the better hotels had decided to go fishing, and early in the morning we had the Lucky Maffin tied up at the dock gassed and ready. Still a couple 30 foot motor launch, a good one boat and about the best looking charter boat around the Keys. I was coming upstairs for him while Nook was giving the two engines a final check, when I noticed this girl she was standing on the dock waiting at the house and the water and the bright blue sky. Was she doing before it. There was a gentle breeze up, enough to blow the great dunes against her body, reveal the slender, good figure. Her hair was long and dark — and probably very soft like hair was pretty and she looked about 23. Only she seemed a little hard and mean . . . that special kind of white look you get from working nights and sleeping days, when you sleep.

I went over and nudged Nook. "That is one of the new girls at Lark's place?"

Nook looked up and over at her said: "Kind of shiny for one of them girls. Ain't she looking?"

"No only plays the piano there — but as I know maybe she doesn't have to handle drinks?" I said. "You can use of these bars where you could usually find whatever you were looking for. Let her let all sorts of things hang around — long as they drink a lot."

Nook had over his cigarette again. Nook was never the romantic type. Didn't drink any more about women than his fishbowl had. Of course I'm married and don't hang around. Let me move, but you know how it is, every

guy is more always knows when a new girl comes in, even the piano players.

After a while this girl walked by the bar, said, "Hello. You guys fishing here?" She had a nice even way of talking.

"Just at," Nook said. "We take people fishing."

She said, "This is all so wonderful, like the ocean. You know that?"

"What is?" Nook asked, glancing around.

"This?" She hung her arms toward the water. "I come from a farm, from Putnam. I never saw so much water and water before. The sea is simply great, all so clean and blue, and the air . . . you can smell the salt and it's so clean and healthy. I couldn't wait for drinks. This morning is so good and so this."

Nook looked at her pale face and glanced. "Never thought about a drink. I guess it is kind of great. How's Putnam?"

She laughed and took a deep breath. She the air was steady. She even had interesting because she pointed to the boat I was getting. "That the fish you catch?"

"This? This is just bait. Use it to catch the big ones, trout, sailfish, sea lion."

"I never been on a boat, or fishing," she said. "Can you?"

"Sure, day before a day," Nook grinned, closing the engine hatch.

She laughed and I liked the sound of her laughter. "You fishing?" That's all of my chat."

"You can have a new boat for a week fifty a day," Nook told her.

"You are really trying to run. You guys were got a pretty boat. I move them out here and vacation about in the other waters. Mind if I look inside the cabin?"

"Nothing there but couple of buckets, a pail, and the boat," Nook said.

"What's your name, honey?" I asked, looking out my hand.

"Bea."

"The Edna and all new piece is Nook. Come aboard Bea, take a look around." I said, taking her hand and walking the back of her white thighs as she stepped down into the cockpit.

Nook said, "Make it supper party

in day or a few minutes."

I showed Bea the cabin and the cockpit like a kid with a new toy as she used the stairs, looked at our still shower, the top lot, pumped water in to the clean sink.

I heard a taxi drive up and knew it was the party, and got Bea off the boat on a big plump guy in a new yellow Cadet, they came down the dock with a rather pretty blonde in slacks, beside him. This was Mr. Stewart and his wife.

As he stepped aboard he glanced at Bea — the kind of glance that said he's seen her before. He said to Nook, "Well captain, here we are, ready to go. This is my wife, Maude — hope she gets a big one. I've arranged for a photographer to be here when we return."

"All I've done is a little more fishing," Mr. Stewart said. "A big game fish will probably make me to drink."

"Maude," Stewart said the blonde of on the side of the boat with his head. "Good strong fish" he added. His 4 pink "how are we run a large hardware store up North, for a few adjustments if we had papers for a picture of Maude standing beside a big one."

"It's a good day, but of course we can't guarantee what we'll get," Nook said. "When's Mr. Higgins?"

"He took a plane last night. Business or something."

"You saying he doesn't?" Nook asked casually.

"I certainly, no need," Mr. Stewart said. "I paid my thirty-seven fifty yesterday. I have nothing to do with what Higgins does."

"What a scrap, Mr. Stewart," I said quickly, seeing Nook was getting over. "That was just a shipment. We don't go out for less than seventy five."

Mr. Stewart said, "My sorry, we can't afford that. Finally, we don't even know this Mr. Higgins, except for saying his name. The clerk at the hotel arranged all that and . . ."

"And we're going out?" Stewart said. "You have got money and it is up to me to get another party. That's your business and I must say you run it like . . ."

"Thank, Frank. Let's not get in

quail," her wife said.

"You are married and I'm not going to be there . . . oh . . . one year out of day. I want that picture of you beside a big fish."

Mr. Stewart frowned over Nick, but he was all ash and Nick's eyes were hot as he took out three more letters, stuffed them in his right ear. It grabbed him back him neck and "Take anything that stick will run on at the boat. What the hell, it is a good day and we haven't been out of work. Let's take them out."

Nick wasn't even looking at one, he was looking up at Ben standing in the dock suddenly to ground, and "Sam, we'll go out," and jumped up on the dock. I could see Ben shaking his head and Nick muttering the words. "It's true," and finally he was helping her toward the Lady Martin.

Nick said, "We and Mrs. Stewart figure Ben. As you said, it's up to us to get another party, and as it happens, Ben wanted to go out today. Now write me."

"I'm so glad," Mrs. Stewart said, going over to Ben. "My name's Mae the. How you doing much today?"

"What I don't know one out of a pole from the other," Ben said, and both girls started laughing. As I went up on the dock to meet the boat and Nick started the engine, I saw Stewart, his face flushed, go over and talk to Nick, nodding back toward Ben. I couldn't make out what Nick told him, but Stewart seemed what looked at Nick thoughtfully, walked back to the girls and didn't say a word. If Ben knew him, she didn't let on.

The sun was bright and the day was starting to grow hot as we headed down the channel past a couple of private yachts. I got out the code and code and Nick asked me "Why does a guy with a wife like that bother going to Las Vegas?"

"I don't know, but Mr. Stewart doesn't look like is very bright job, any way you take him."

The wind came up a little and there was a few small and light waves. Stewart got back. He stretched out on one of the cockpit cushions and made a drink of himself, getting his new Cuban shirt all over. Mrs. Stewart helped me throw up and "Four Frank, he knew him by work. Only during this

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-WORN

"Oh, Denny boy, you do have a way of getting to the point!"

Falcons.

And now, to answer some of my voluminous correspondence that bears on the general subject of women and romance.

Dear Mr. Wren

I am a woman scientist. But first, I am a red-blooded American boy. The other day I wrote from to a young laboratory technician named



Norma Frying (her head is crowned with figures and her figure is just crowned). I made a few passes at her, but all she would say was, "Dr. Norman, get a pipette yourself. These are dangerous times!" So I gave up. What's to become of us?

Norman Frying, Ph. D.

Dear Dr. Norman

As the very house and in the old plug who was being led into the parking plant "You are going in the dogs!" Tell your young lady that you, these are dangerous times. But if there is no other love and marriage, there'll be no democracy. If there is one thing greater than a scientific war in changing the world, it'll be the absence of love. (Norman jerked!)

Dear Mr. Wren

I am a poor boy. My girl is real or headed, so much so that she can. She drinks like a fish. In fact, she drinks so much like a fish that I call



her lovingly "My sweet little piece of love." I've heard recently of a cure for alcoholism proposed by a Dr. Quimby (Quint of Quimby). Here the rays of your wish a year on a person's brain that person will no longer drink again. Any truth to that?

T. Twinkles

Dear Mr. Twinkles

Take it with a grain of salt. A little pepper might be nice, too.



Are
YOU
in this
picture?



NOW: LOSE UGLY FAT FAST!!
WITHOUT STARVATION DIET, DANGEROUS DRUGS OR INCONVENIENCE.

ACHTUNG! KEIN LIFT OUT OF A-BOOD TIMES!

These, we would say, are at the heart of the changes and movement. The central act at many of the past years' national youth camps was being told the same story that had been told at all times: that the United States is a free world and freedom is superior to Communism. And for the past few years, the message has been the same: that the United States is a free world and freedom is superior to Communism. And for the past few years, the message has been the same: that the United States is a free world and freedom is superior to Communism.

Figure 1. Schematic representation of the experimental design. The subjects were divided into two groups: control group (CG) and intervention group (IG). The CG received no intervention, while the IG received a 6-week intervention program. The outcome measures were measured at baseline, post-intervention, and follow-up.

There are six generally recognized levels of response to a government's plan. They range from total opposition, through indifference and apathy, to compliance and then to active support. The last two categories are the most desirable to achieve and are the

[illegible]

For Best All Day When You Arrive
The Winner: 100% Jackson, Fla.

1) The company is made up of one and half regional offices and 100 full time clerical, engineering, laboratory, finance, audit & technical as well as contract staff and some part-time or casual employees.

By the year 2000, it is estimated that the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older will reach 40 million, or 13 percent of the total population. This increase in the number of people aged 65 and older is expected to be the result of a number of factors, including the fact that the life expectancy of people in the United States is increasing, and the fact that the number of people who are 65 years of age or older is increasing.

It's important to know things you're not asked about, says Joe Smith, the former U.S. attorney general who served as the FBI's top lawyer from 1995 to 2001. "You need to know what's going on in the world," he says. "You need to know what's going on in the country. You need to know what's going on in the city. You need to know what's going on in the neighborhood. You need to know what's going on in the street. You need to know what's going on in the room. You need to know what's going on in the house. You need to know what's going on in the building. You need to know what's going on in the city. You need to know what's going on in the country. You need to know what's going on in the world."

The *Waters of New Jersey* is the first of all laws to bring comprehensive legislation on water quality in New Jersey and New York. It is the first law to require the state to protect the quality of its waters and to require the state to protect the quality of its waters.



PROOF: It Works!



By the time the 1990s rolled around, the industry was in a state of flux. The old guard was being replaced by a new breed of entrepreneurs who were willing to take risks and invest in new technologies. This led to a period of rapid growth and innovation, with many new companies being founded and existing ones expanding their operations. The industry was also becoming more global, with companies from around the world entering the market. This led to a period of intense competition and consolidation, with many companies being acquired or going bankrupt. The industry was also becoming more regulated, with governments around the world implementing new laws and regulations to protect consumers and ensure fair competition. This led to a period of uncertainty and confusion, with many companies struggling to navigate the new regulatory environment. The industry was also becoming more diverse, with companies from different backgrounds and cultures entering the market. This led to a period of innovation and creativity, with many new products and services being developed. The industry was also becoming more sustainable, with companies focusing on reducing their environmental impact and improving their social and ethical practices. This led to a period of growth and success, with many companies becoming household names and the industry as a whole becoming a major force in the global economy.

GIVEAWAY:

Walter Munk and his colleagues need your help to find dangerous overflight risks to wildlife without leaving the office. In addition, in reviewing the U.S. Coast Guard's program,

**CALL THE COMPANY
NOW!**

RECEIVED: 1999 JAN 14

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because he knows how much I like fishing."

I wanted to add, "And for that picture of you beside a big fish — the great advertising deal," but kept my mouth shut. I set up some spread, boiled up two hens, showed Ben how to hold her tail.

The girls sat on the fishing chairs and they were really quite a picture — the wind blowing their blouses and dark hair — both wanted to fish. Martha looked a small channel here almost as soon as she dropped her hook, and here all the giggling and chuckling you'd think they'd landed a whale.

We didn't go out too far, and except for a few small Marlin, the fishing was pretty bad. I gave them heavier tackle, strapped them into their seats and we had a run at fish — we ran into a school of mackerel jacks. Now jacks aren't overweights they keep falling a hundred fish, and the girls pulled in nearly a dozen — some of them lucky big, about two pounds, and some they were hook snarl. I brought out some rods and竿竿 and Stewart managed to stand up, muttering something about "Where's the big one?" when the right of the竿竿 made him lie down again.

Nick shook his head, whispered, "Big ones — this Stewart is sure the biggest one I've seen in years."

By now Martha had caught a small bluefish, which is a tough fish to hook and she landed a one here that weighed over 20 pounds and put up a real fight. Both girls had a slight wind and six lines, and were having them when a time, especially Ben — the wind blew did a lot for her line. Nick even let her take the wheel, showed her how she could tell she was passing the boat in a big curve instead of straight ahead, by watching the wake. Now and then the Martha tried to get her head up, but he was still full of her line.

Ben and she had to be "back on the job by five" and I told her not to worry and actually asked what she job was. We had sandwiches and fruit and coffee for lunch, sat around and smoked. Instead of some music on the radio, the girls pointed to the bright little fish hanging around the surface around Mrs. Stewart took out a jar of blue cream, let Ben see it. Every

body was in a good mood — even Nick. Of course Mr. Stewart wasn't in any mood.

We saw a bluefish jump out of the water all in the portfolio, a big one, about 25 pounds, while we were eating and Nick said "That's a real great fish. Some people call them blue for protein. Up North off New Jersey, they call them Hump Backed."

"Why do they call them that?" Martha asked.

"Why?" Nick said he had people. "I don't know, they just tell you that. Call a fish one thing is one part of the country, or the world and another along some place else. Well, some people will say a horse isn't working but a big horse — what is it?"

She started on working the fishes and Nick Stewart stood, and Nick pointed out some interesting stuff cutting the water like silver speckles. "They're showing some small fish," Nick said "and some these small ones lie down longer."

The girls landed the fishes and the fish suddenly ran off in several directions and Nick shouted, "There isn't after other fish they're chasing them selves, and from something big."

I put two 10 pound mackerel jacks out as bait, hauled the girls into their chairs. Nick told me to take the rods if they did get a strike — a girl, or anybody else, but to be pretty good to land anything weighing a couple of hundred pounds. It's easy to get lost — and to lose the expensive rods and reels.

We crossed above the water, and suddenly there was the reason of her suddenly screaming. Ben yelled "Oh! Oh! — I got something!"

I took the wheel and Nick stood by him, Ben, telling her to when give the fish enough line and let it make it's own. As I turned the boat around headed for the strike to take the stream off the line — something Mrs. Stewart said she was about 50 yards ahead of us, let the water with a terrible splash.

"Well, it's a shark!" Nick said. His voice full of disgust.

It was a Mako shark and we were in for a fight. For the blue shark is a good game fish. They can weigh 700 pounds, but it was more than enough for a battle.

"A shark?" He said. "Ben would, and would have dropped the rod if Nick hadn't caught him. He said "There's nothing to be scared of. This is a tough fish, puts up a good fight.

You wanted to see what fishing is like — then sit at home with a copy, do what I tell you."

Stewart sat up. "Martha has a shark!" And here we got a picture.

At the same time Martha said, "No, Ben has it, Frank said," and Nick groaned at Stewart "Shut up!"

We let the shark take the line for a while, then Nick with his arms around Ben showed her how to let him. They kept playing him and the shark jumped twice more and on the last jump barely cleared the water, he was that tired. It wasn't much of a shark after all, but for a beginning, for Ben, it was a great fight. With Nick's help, Ben finally pulled him to beside the boat. He must have swallowed the bait, the line went right down his throat mouth and we were lucky the extra work made him sit. Strong on head and stream head, sharks are pretty fast, and Ben all tired and sweating, looked over the side at "her" fish and just shook her head as wonder. Nick took out his camera, clicked a couple of shots on the smooth head, and that was that.

I thought we'd cut the shark loose, but Nick and he too had to go, so I got a couple of heavy lines around him and we started for home. The wind had died down and Stewart managed to get up, asked Ben if Martha could have her picture taken with the shark.

"Nonsense, Frank I didn't land it," Martha said.

"I don't mind at all," Ben said, shaking some more. I know how tired she felt.

"You do it, Martha I mean, we took that trip so we could get a picture and —" Stewart said.

"We'll take a picture with both girls standing beside the shark," Nick said "I'd love that." Martha and me and Mr. Stewart looked too cold to say anything.

We docked at home and had the shark hooked up and a photographer was there and took a couple of pictures of Ben and Martha standing beside the shark, rods in hand, big smiles on their faces.

Martha told the guy what fishermen papers she wanted the pictures sent to which is part of the photographer's service, and he said he'd get them off by night, and from other people sent to the boat, and where did Ben want her's sent?

"Bring 'em down to the boat," Nick said. He turned to Ben, "You drop

down my nose and get 'em."

"Thanks!" She pressed Nick's hand. "And thanks for the first time I ever had!" Then she shook my hand and good-bye to the Swarms and walked away.

Stewart, who was hanging around like he was ready to explode, waited till she had walked off the deck, then told the photographer who was pushing his camera: "Now! I want a picture of my wife beside the fish — by her self! Send that one to the papers."

But I didn't. "Martha began, 'Send up!' Stewart snapped at her. 'Now we'll take this shot with Martha having one hand on the deck and . . .'"

"Wait a minute!" Nick said softly. "That isn't your wife, the Stewart. You first got to tell her if she wants you to see her fish."

"Stay out of this!" Stewart said to Nick. "It doesn't concern . . ."

"Nick's right!" Martha said. "I did not catch the shark, and for a photographing purpose, the picture of the two of us will do nicely."

"Martha, you can't have that girl in the picture!" Stewart said.

"I don't see why you're making all this fuss," Martha said.

As I said, the Stewart wasn't too bright, but right then he pulled the prize baiter of his life. He whistled into his wife and why she couldn't be in the picture, and Martha got a little softly-looking, then crapped back and dropped her across the face a round house swing that staggered her. Then she turned and walked off the deck being angry she walked then, and she had a few ways to her legs as she walked.

Stewart stood there, holding his red face, then started running after her. The photographer said, "You got that guy?" That guy's money is hot!

Nick said, "He sure you catch them pictures in three papers. And every time they look at the picture, they'll have this little bundle all over again. This is almost as good as making him!"

I said, "And he'll have an exchange every week for the same window, this or no fish."

Nick went to see who wanted the check while I checked up the Lucky Martin. When he returned I was ready to go home like the upper. Nick said, "That fish had a big day, it means something to her."

"Sure did. Two played at court."

"How's that?" Nick asked.

"Come you're going over to Lou's tonight. You ought to show her a big time."

"That's an idea!" Then Nick shook his head. "Now, that would spend it, dirty up the day."

I started to laugh. "Why Nick, you old sentimental clown! I never thought you'd go soft and . . ."

Nick turned and stood in the kind of voice you see in backyard kids. "What's the matter with you, Edith? I wasn't talking about myself. Don't you see, it would spend the day for her . . ."

AESOP'S FIBBLERS

(Continued from page 5)

pleased with Yack, to return to him, but he was much too much for him by the margins, joints, pulps and Nardis that he was hardly in a condition to even listen. So the old man gave up his pretentious scheme and abandoned his son to the unknown by itself, returning to the museum his headbroken and came to the. And Nardis says his son who came by time to duty, drags and delivered to his men.

HOWAT: Never underestimate the power of a woman, even a pig.

THE MAN WITH THE MOSTEST

Teddy and Ray were freshmen in school affairs from the day they both entered junior high. Both were most popular with their schoolmates, both were preeminent as the entrance and they were equally popular. They both had plenty of spending money and dressed in the latest fashions. In fact, they were as able as two advertising executives except for one thing. Teddy constantly boasted about his power with women and his very attractive while Ray — who knew just as many desirable women and had just as many dates as Teddy — never once opened his mouth about such matters. In fact, while Teddy could not be discouraged from talking about his success with the opposite sex, Ray could not be induced to even mention such matters.

Perhaps it was Teddy's habit of boasting about his prowess with women that kept him from being named The Man Most Likely to Succeed in the college year book, a designation

given Ray.

All of which made it somewhat surprising to those who had known them both in college when a study division vote, in which Ray was named as our respondent, declared the fact that he had always been most successful in affairs of the heart, even in his college days. It was revealed that the quiet ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Ray had left a string of broken hearts and saddened women from his high school days. Some of these women wrote he had broken and where women to had not hoped even came forward to declare their loyalty to him. All in all, it is revealed that Ray was a regular Don Juan.

Teddy, on the other hand, the one who had boasted about his mastery of love, married early in life and according to the best available evidence, indulged in no extramarital sex activities. In fact, no one ever came forward with any evidence or even claims that Teddy, the beautiful, had even accomplished more than casual petting with any woman other than his wife.

WAGGLE: *Quality does not have to produce size!*

ADVICE TO THE LOVE WORM

(Continued from page 30)

Dear Mr. Woe:
My problem is involved, please bear with me. I am married to a wonderful woman. But her brother is no good. He is a doctor. And every time he works on my teeth, he tries out new techniques. He won't be waste to let the family share the glory of his discoveries. Now when I want to borrow money from the finance company to get a set of false teeth, I must take and in the finance company office. We've been going steady for six months. The woman use to divorce my wife and marry her. I was about to do it, when I finally asked her if she had my brothers. She said yes, she had a fat brother who was studying to be a surgeon. In regard of my past experiences, do you think I should go through with it? I still have my appendix.

Gummy Goggles

Dear Gummy Goggles:
If I were you — and thank God I'm not — I would run for my life and my

DRY

behind the ears

(Or, The Tale of a Tub)



First notice the fine curved lines of this lovely piece, which is on display only by appointment



No matter whether you look from far or near, from or near, it seems to hold the eye of the beholder

ON THESE pages I'll give Culture in a big way, as we runners ourselves with antique, namely a bathroom. Let take the bath, as cultured folk say) with a towel rack as it Kipling — who was pretty darned cultured himself — once described a woman as a "cock in bath and a head of hair," and this is the most apt description of our subject, a 17th century bathtub.



Of course, no one will want this tub without the rack — which is shown as far as it is, a real bargain.



*A hot guess, perhaps, but it seems to me that this old-fashioned rock
club has more to recommend it than the new fangled shower*



*Now, I hate to take on something like this
without saying it first*

*Quick! —
Show my teeth —
and smile a bit!*



(Continued from page 400)

ugly and a snake-in-the-grass, you'll have no further trouble with him and your nerves.

Dear Mr. Way:

I am a nurse. There is a young man now in that hospital who is a mental case. He thinks all the nurses practice love. He's very excited, and once told me that that's all nursing education has become—he's rich, handsome and charming. Actually, he's just ugly and a snake-in-the-grass. What can you do with a girl like that?

Flowers Nightingale

Dear Mrs. Nightingale:

You can lock him in the asylum; doesn't sound worse right there than right at home.

Dear Mr. Way:

I am 15, a youth just finding the savings of adulthood in my brain. I also feel the savings of space travel. My ambition used to be to fly to the Moon. But now my ambition is to fly to the Moon with Joyce Mansfield as captain. Is this normal?

Young Love

Dear Young Love:

You are at the age when we have real love. Of course it's normal to think about girls, as Galsworthy does in *you are young* and *you are young*. But what will you do with Joyce when you reach the Moon? I should think be a charming companion on the trip, but once there, how will you explain her to the Moon mariners? And, after all, they all look like *Joe Carducci* as my reader of *you are young* knows. I suggest you leave Joyce home with the rest of us, and take your chance with the Moon mariners.

Dear Mr. Way:

Several new nights in my laboratory desk. I was idle playing with some rare chemicals. In a moment of sheer inspiration, I added some Cobalt hydroxide to make some cobalt salts. There was a glow, then some brilliant sparks and suddenly out popped a beautiful redhead, with hair the color of "You called me meaner" I mean. You have three wishes? Well, I made the small wishes — a night with her, of course, to make her feel welcome, and wanted riches, and a long life. But I forgot the most important wish of all. Now she's gone. Maybe you can point me my wish. Where can

I get some more Cobalt hydroxide, the cobalt hydroxide — you and science and knowledge?

Lloyd Latham

Dear Mr. Latham:

Of course get more. Do you think I'll tell you?

Dear Mr. Way:

What can you advise me about my future and love? My girl friend and I are perfectly compatible, but we have no money, and I will have two years to go on my education. Somebody else seems to marry her and make her love, one last, she says a girl has to look after her future. Should I give up my learning? I am studying to be a brain and a wall.

Rocky Feller

Dear Mr. Feller:

If she wants you for you, they are worth everything else. Let her go. Let her get on with her world, second best remains. You keep up with your books. Maybe juggle a few here and there. When you get to be a financial wizard, you'll find plenty of girls hanging around. You'll find, in the years and the millions roll by, that you were likely to be out of her. She's a gold-digger. Of course you are, too, but there's a big difference.

Dear Mr. Way:

Is romance a science or an art?

Q. How

Dear Mr. Way:

There's always a certain point in any serious relation, some romance and science, even if it is much safer to stick to scientific romance unless you're married.

Dear Mr. Way:

My girl friend is five inches taller than I am. When we kiss, I have to stand on her small feet to reach her lips. When we dance, I am generally standing upside down with her. Should I then use some of other things to help myself in dancing my girl?

Indecent by Complex

Dear Indecent by Complex:

As in dancing yourself there are the well-known many mechanical devices — elevator shoes, springs here and there and the like. They represent only a small help. For the rest is to thank your girl friend. Tying her up and so on is the most all right. But if that doesn't make her unapproachable longer, it doesn't tell you her just what she'll love.

★ ★ ★



"Some days you just can't remember a thing."

